Numb. 66.

The Female Tatler.

Written by a Society of Ladies.

——— *Mutato Nomine de te*
Fabula Narratur. ———

From Monday November 21, to Wednesday November 23, 1709.

Lucinda's Day.

From Mrs. Baldwin's.

I Have read till my Eyes ake, and confeſs, that looking on this heap of Letters before me, I have no reaſon to Complain for want of Intelligence from Abroad, ſuch as it is; but I am ſorry to ſee ſo many People angry, that their Scandal is not taken notice of: One of them writes thus.

Madam,

'DEpend upon it, that as Scandal was the riſe of your Paper, ſo whenever that fails it 'twill ſink. 'You have, to my Knowledge, been furniſhed with ſe-'veral true Paſſages, that would have made abundance 'of People laugh, if they had been publiſhed; but in-'ſtead of them you tell us Childiſh Stories, that never 'happen'd, for ought we know, and Father 'em upon 'no body knows whom: You talk of being Diverting 'as well as Inſtructive, but that can never be done by 'diſcanting on the ſtrange Accidents of Human Life: 'You may keep your muſty Morals to your ſelf; all 'the Inſtruction we want from you, is from Example, 'by ſeeing Vice laſh'd, and nothing can be a greater 'Diverſion, than to ſee others handſomely expoſed; 'railing at the Vices and Follies of the Age in general, 'is Inſignificant, it has been done by better Hands al-'ready; we want you to point at the Perſons that are 'guilty of 'em: There is no Tatling without home 'Satyr; if you are afraid to be Kick'd or Indicted, 'knock off and ſave Paper, for none of all my Ac-'quaintance would give a Pin for Scandal where the 'Parties are not ſufficiently deſcribed to be known, 'becauſe none but Fools can Laugh heartily without 'knowing whom they Laugh at.

'As for my part, who am oblig'd to ſpend three or 'four Hours in a Day at one Coffee-houſe or other, 'write what you will, nothing comes amiſs to me; 'I read even the *General Remark*, and often wiſh there 'were as many Papers more.

Yours,

Thomas Love-truth.

This Mr. *Love-truth* is a very pretty Fellow, and nothing will go down with him but (as he calls it) home Satyr in the moſt offenſive manner. I have ſeveral Letters to the ſame purpoſe, and no body ſeems to be Solicitous what becomes of Vice or Folly themſelves, ſo they may but have the Pleaſure of ſeeing People of Note ridicul'd, and pointed at in their own Coaches, from the Coffee-houſes they go by. I confeſs it is a rare help in Converſation to your *Good for nothing People*, that hate to hear any body ſpoke well of, and can ſay little of their own, to be daily furniſhed from the Preſs with freſh Supplies of well told Scandal, to blaſt the Reputation of others, that are more deſerving than themſelves. When Tatling began to be firſt in Eſteem, many Months ago, I heard in a Company of Ladies, ——*Pray, Madam, did you ſee the* Doctor *in the* Tatler; *did you mind the Gold Buttons? Was not that very Witty? I declare I am glad to ſee him expoſed, becauſe he wou'd not come to my Siſter* Patty, *tho' my Father ſent twice, and never gave him leſs than Three Guineas for a Fee: Nothing*, cry'd another, *pleaſed me more, than the great Diamond of the Monarch of the* Eaſt, *and the Story of his Seraglio in* Drury-Lane: *Indeed*, ſaid a third, *this* Tatler *grows very Diverting, if he goes on as he promiſes, all the Town will be expoſed in a little time, and we ſhall have abundance of Sport.*—— *If a Merchant be very Eminent for his Wealth, or a Phyſician Famous for the Splendor of his Practice, and both are generally known, it is very eaſy by giving them Ingenious Nick-Names, and pointing at ſomething or other remarkable about them, to let every body that is not a Stranger to the Town, know whom you mean without naming them, or being very particular; and when thus the Picture is drawn to the Life, whatever is writ underneath muſt be true, when the Hints that muſt make 'em known, are finiſhed, put upon them what Scandal you pleaſe, it will go for Current; for what Mortal that loves Tatling, would not ſeem to believe it, rather than loſe the Pleaſure of telling the Story and laughing at it.*

In Writing Scandal, I wou'd draw the Picture of thoſe upon whom it is deſign'd, not from Things that are indifferent, and have neither good nor harm in them, but from the Folly and Vices of which they are really guilty. I ſhall be always glad of good Intelligence, and every body's Expectations ſhall be anſwer'd, that is willing to ſettle a Correſpondence upon a reaſonable Foundation. Firſt, Let the Subjects not be too trifling for the Publick, as *Cook Wenches* in Taverns, that were *Scullions* before, and are now like to Jump into the Bar: *Apothecaries* Wives that are Match-makers, *'Prentices* that are Impertinent, and hundred other Things that have nothing remarkable in them. *Secondly*, I deſire that whenever I am ask'd to inſert what is ſent me *Verbatim*, the Parties meant may not either by the firſt Letters of their Names, Habitations, Profeſſions, or other Particulars be ſo plainly deſcrib'd, that it is impoſſible but they muſt be found out whether they deſerve the Scandal they are charged with or not. I am very Zealous for the promoting of Virtue and

and good Manners, and as willing to expoſe all that Treſpaſs againſt either; but ſhou'd be loth to be ſo miſtaken as a certain Gentleman was, who in the Deſcription of a Kennel of Hounds, for want of true Intelligence, ranged thoſe among the Dogs, which by every body are known to be Hares. Let me have the Vices and Follies themſelves, no matter whether the Perſons that are guilty of them live in *Lombard-ſtreet*, or *Moorfields*, or what Letters of the Alphabet their Names begin or end with. I own, that this way of Writing Scandal will not be ſo generally Diverting, but then on the other ſide, no body can be injur'd or undeſervedly expoſed by the Villanous Calumnies of Malicious Perſons, as otherwiſe they might; and all People that will ſend real Characters and true Paſſages, may be pleaſed in their turns, not only as to themſelves but every body elſe, whom they ſhall think fit to entruſt with the Secret; as for Example: I have now before me a long Story of a Lawyer of no ſmall Figure, that laſt *Saturday* was Sevennight, Supp'd with a Strumpet at a Tavern in the *Strand*, ſpent Fifteen Shillings and Eight Pence, and ſtaid with her till Two o' th' Clock in the Morning, by the ſame Token that he loſt a very remarkable Handkerchief, which is now in Cuſtody of a Relation of his Wife's. This Gentleman is ſo particularly deſcribed, as to his Perſon and Circumſtances, and more eſpecially his Chambers, that any body that is able to tell Three, might find him out by them; but how unneceſſary as well as unjuſt the Recital of thoſe particulars wou'd be, I leave to Mr *Love-truth*, and all the Scandal-Mongers of the Univerſe to judge; for if it be Fact, as for ought I know it may, the Gentleman as ſoon as he ſees this, has no more reaſon to doubt his being diſcover'd, than if his Name was at the bottom, and Conſequently thoſe that deſired me to inſert it have their ends; but if it ſhould happen not to be true, as likewiſe it may be, What an irrepairable injury would the Publiſhing of theſe Particulars be to a Man of Reputation?

†‡† *The Town being very full, and the Seaſon not promiſing extraordinary clean Streets very ſuddenly, all Sober Judicious Perſons, and others, that give themſelves the liberty of carrying Canes, for no other reaſon, than their being uſed to it for many Years, are deſired, that for ſome time they would forbear wearing them under their Arms, holding them awkwardly, to the Prejudice of thoſe People that are forc'd to paſs by them, or doing any one miſchief with them than what ſhall be really intended.*

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